

AT THE CHURCHES.

Strangers in the city and the public are cordially invited to all services at the following churches:

Cumberland Presbyterian Church—J. B. Eshman, Pastor. Sunday School at 9:30. Preaching at 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor 6:30. Preaching at 7:30 p. m.

First Baptist Church—Rev. C. M. Thompson, Pastor. Services as usual. Sunday School—9:30 a. m. Morning Service—11:00 a. m. Evening Service—7:30 p. m.

Second Baptist Church—Rev. W. R. Goodman, Pastor. Sunday School—9:30 a. m. Preaching—11 a. m. Preaching—7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night—7:30 p. m.

Westminster Presbyterian Church Sunday School—9:30 a. m. Men's Bible Class—10:00 a. m. Morning Service—11:45 a. m. Evening Service 7:30 p. m.

First Presbyterian Church—Elmer Gabbard, Pastor. Sunday School—9:30 a. m. Morning Service 11:00 a. m. Evening Service 7:30. Christian Endeavor—7:00 p. m. Weekly Prayer Meeting—Wednesday—7:30 p. m.

Grace Church—Rev. Geo. C. Abbott, Rector. Morning prayer and sermon at 10:45.

Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

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MANDY ALL OVER

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

"It's the loneliness that gets you after a while. And the neighbors," Taylor added as an afterthought. He stared from the hilltop at the valley. He had been a dweller in Tula for three weeks, and the silence of the mountains almost hurt. So far he had seen just four human beings—old Jed Moore and his daughter, Mandy; the traveler-preacher, Harley Robertson, and young Gabe Williams, who ran the older mill.

Gabe and he were friends at least. It was Gabe who found out he was interested in geology.

"Thought you was a professor or something of the sort when I saw you snooping 'round like. Mandy said you was an artist 'count of the way you look, and the old man suspicioned you was from the government. We don't notice him. He used ter get into all kinds of trouble with the government back in the old days, but that's done away with now, since the railroad come through. Mandy went to school three winters."

"Like her, don't you Gabe?" Taylor had asked, by way of conversation. But Gabe's face had darkened. He threw a stick at an unoffending hound pup that wandered within range.

"Yes, I like her, but I don't stand no sort of show. Ought to see the look in her eyes when the preacher comes around."

The preacher came riding down the mountain the next week and stopped to speak to Taylor, working along a ledge of rock.

"Won't find any gold or silver there, young man," he called up genially. Taylor turned and saw a youthful prophet type, hair that hung short-cropped below his ears, eyes wide and dark, face thin and fine featured, the face of the enthusiast and dreamer. Later on the preacher would drop in at his cabin if it was late and talk awhile with him over the fire. He was a university man from Tennessee, eager to hear of the North and of life in the great centers.

"I'm going there some day," he said, starting into the open fire. "Fishers of men. It is a promise. I am going some day. Here the seed falls on stony soil."

Taylor went to one of his meetings at night down in the valley. Mandy stood on a soapbox and sang in a timid, high mezzo, a slip of girlhood, with the torchlight flickering on her pretty face and blue eyes that sought the face of the young preacher, while Gabe hung around the shadows and glowered.

Then came the last week in Tula. Taylor never forgot it all his life, the place where he had complained of ennui and loneliness. With Gabe's help he struck a lead and followed it up through the ledge. Gabe told of caves farther up in the mountains, caves that glistened inside, and not with stalactites, either. Taylor went with him and found mica, tracts of mica that lay in great, unbroken sheets, and he knew a fortune lay close to Gabe's door. When he told the big mountaineer, he put back his head and laughed.

"Guess that'll get her, won't it? Womenfolks like money and pretty things, don't they? You go ahead and fix up the deal and get yours out of it. I'm going courtin'."

And the next night Harley stopped on the way down toward Jed's, and said he was going away. God had heard his prayers and listened to the cry of his soul. He was going north to preach the word in the great cities. While he talked Mandy came up with Taylor's milk and bread and stood listening with wide eyes that held fear and a woman's secret in their depths. But Harley rambled on enthusiastically, and Taylor wanted to grip him and make him turn and see the gift that lay for him in the girl's tender eyes.

Gabe came back along the road late that night and he pounded on the cabin door.

"Has the preacher gone up by here yet?" he called. Taylor said no, he had not seen him.

"I'm going ter get him," said Gabe grimly, and passed on.

Taylor rose and opened the door. A full moon rode high above the dark mountains. He dressed and went outside, listening. And nearly an hour later he heard Harley coming up the road, singing in his full baritone one of the hymns he loved. He had meant to warn him, but the singing stopped; and, after a while, he judged he had taken another road around the lower bend. But he could not sleep, and went down to meet Mandy at five on her way up with the milk and fresh eggs for his breakfast. She looked radiant and shy. Standing in her little pink cotton dress, barefooted and tanned, she looked like some wildflower of her own mountain land, he thought.

"Pop's awful mad," she said softly. "He's going to turn me away. 'Count of Gabe. Gabe asked him for me and Pop gave me to him, but I promised the preacher, and he's coming for me today. We're going down to Tula and get married. If Gabe or Pop don't shoot him."

She said it simply, fatalistically. It was quite possible, she knew. Taylor told her he would come down and go with them, to be sure of fair play. But the day wore on without any sign of Harley. Pop had found the answer to his special problem in a large jug of cider and had retired from the scene of action. Mandy, with her few belongings and her mother's Bible and a small bundle beside her, sat out on the water bench in the shade, waiting pa-

tiently the coming of the preacher. But the shadows lengthened and it began to grow dark down in the valley. Then came the sound of hoofs on the road, and she laughed.

"I knew he'd come," she said. Taylor was silent. It was Gabe Williams who drew rein at the door and grinned nonchalantly down at them both.

"Waiting for me, Mandy?" he asked mildly. "Cause I'm ready."

"Cut it out, Gabe," advised Taylor, as he stepped up beside the horse and stroked its steaming neck gently.

"Preaching in hell, I hope," said Gabe genially. "Did you tell her I was going to be rich? Tell her I'd take her away from here and she could have anything she liked—diamonds, too. Did you tell her all that for me?"

"Where's Robertson?" repeated Taylor, holding the bridle. Gabe avoided his keen, gray eyes. "What did you do with him?"

And all at once the blood of old Jed told. Mandy slipped back into the cabin and came out with her father's rifle up to her chin, leveled at Gabe. Her voice rang out clear and sharp in the still air:

"You turn about and lead the way or I'll shoot. I know you, Gabe Williams, and your ways, too. You ride ahead!"

And Gabe turned and rode ahead, sullen and dogged, yet proud, too, of her courage in balking him. Taylor tried to take the gun away from her, but she shook her head, white-lipped, eyes brilliant with excitement.

"You don't know them up here. You have to cover them," she said. "Go ahead, Gabe."

He led them to the mouth of the cave and Mandy waited while the two men went in. Bound fast at feet and wrists, Harley lay on the brink of a pit, within sound of trickling water.

"I was coming to see him every day," Gabe said. "I wasn't going to kill him—just frighten him a bit and get him good and hungry and thirsty, then tell him to get out of these parts and never come back after I'd married Mandy. I wasn't going to kill him nobow."

"Gabe, you're a primitive male, but you don't know women," Taylor lifted the preacher gently. "Help get him out into the fresh air."

"I am not hurt or harmed, praise God," Harley gasped. "The cord around my throat was tight. Loosen it, and I will fight the man in the open air."

But out in the twilight Mandy waited, calm-eyed and dominant over the situation. She took Gabe's horse by the bridle and made him help set Harley in the saddle. Then she mounted behind him, and handed Taylor the gun.

"You give that to Pop in the morning," she said. "I'll leave the horse in the village, Gabe. You can get it after we're gone. And if you try to shoot when our backs are turned, you'll get me, too. Good-by, Mr. Taylor."

Harley smiled down at them and waved his hand. Her arms held him with a sheltering love, and the glow of the sky seemed to be in her face as they rode away. Gabe watched them out of sight.

"That's Mandy all over," he said gently.

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PARTY TREED BY CARABAO

Then Governor General Francis Burton Harrison Faced Infuriated Animal and Killed It.

Chased up a tree by a wounded carabao, while engaged in hunting in the jungle near Bongabong, Nueva Ecija, Gov. Gen. Francis Burton Harrison had one of the most exciting experiences of his career in the Philippine Islands.

It was after having been wounded by a bullet from Mr. Harrison's 406 Winchester that a female carabao charged the governor general and his party, forcing them all to take to the trees, and it was shortly afterward that the chief executive of the Philippines, displaying rare nerve, climbed down from his retreat, and engaging the animal alone on the ground, killed her as she charged, the carabao dropping dead in her tracks 15 feet from where Mr. Harrison stood, his bullet having struck the animal between the eyes.

The governor general and the other members of the party considered the experience rare sport and a fitting climax to a very successful hunting trip.

Old Naval Superstition.

One of the oldest superstitions in the navy is that to change the name of a ship is to court disaster and it is a curious fact that the present war has provided several illustrations of the ill luck which seems to attend a renamed vessel.

The battleship Triumph was laid down as the Libertad for Chile; the armored cruiser Good Hope as the Africa, the light cruiser Pathfinder as the Fastnet, the armored merchantman Viknor as the Viking, the patrol boat Char as the Stranton, and torpedo boats 10 and 12 as the Greenfly and Moth. All these vessels of the English navy have gone to the bottom.

On the other hand, the four British destroyers which sank four German destroyers in October, 1914, the Loyal, Legion, Lennox and Lance were, until early in 1914, known as the Orlando Vidia, Fortia and Darina.

Kindly Precautions.

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Indoor Occupation.

"You must take an interest in outdoor sports," said the physician. "I do," replied the indolent office. "They provide my main reading every day."

Father Knew.

Johnny—"Pa, what is a 'quandary'?" Father—"It's what a man gets into when he tells his wife a lie and doesn't know whether she believes it or not."

The Lung Trail.

The search for the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone has been abandoned, but the hunt for some kind of tax that will arouse no objection continues.—Washington Star.